

springs, beclouds her brow,



Leaves the room in which she sleep Full of childish, Christmas cares.



FOUND AT FIVE POINTS.

CERISTMAS STORY OF REAL LIFE, BY

Mk.pyright, 1880, by American Press Association.



all the time despite the sneers of pessimists, it is impossible to realize that only a few years farther back there was such a

place in the center of the city as the Five Points. Nowadays it does not take unusual courage for a moderately athletic man to walk alone in broad daylight through any public street in the city. Then it was not safe to do so, and even policemen rarely ventured alone after dark into the region known by the old name. Now the horse cars run through noon, hustled into the street and assailed facts. He only recognized them.

blocks in every direction, was honey- them that, combed with blind alleys and secret passages, some of them running underground from one block to another. It

was a city of refuge for criminals, and, though they warred and preyed upon ane another with entire lawlessness, they combined as a unit to pretect any one among them from the processes of the law. Aside from the criminals the population consisted almost entirely, if not quite so, of the poverty stricken, for dire poverty and desperate crime then, as very often in history, went hand in

The children, who were coaxed one by one into the mission schoolroom, were a crowd of little savages. Their ignorance-was something amazing. It was not very uncommon to find among them boys and girls of 6 or 7 years old who did not know their full names, but who stoutly declared that "Sally" or "Bill" was the only name they had, and once or twice children were found who actually did not know whether they had ever had fathers and mothers. Some had no homes. God only knows how they kept alive, for they slept in holes and corners, and fed like vagrant cats and dogs on whatever they could beg, find or steal. Impossible? Certainly it is, but it is true, nevertheless,

Among the wildest and shyest of all who came in was a boy who was the originator of at least one famous foke.

ough without intention. The teacher asked him his name and he said it was George. Being asked what his last name was he said that was his last name. "But you must have another name," urged the teacher. "Is it George Smith,

or George Johnson, or George What?"
"Nope," he said, shortly. "Taint
George What, nor George Nothin, it's

George What, nor George Nothin', it's George. I hain't got no oder name."

But the joke came when the teacher, wishing to know whether he had learned anything at all, asked him, "Do you know who made you?"

At the same instant a boy behind him stuck a pin into George. Such tricks were very common among the little savages, but it did not hurt any the less because it was not unusual. George jumped from his seat and shouted at the top of his voice "Goddemitev." is voice "Goddemitey."

"Well, that's right," said the teacher, who had not noticed the trick. "But don't shout so." The story was told afterwards, with enlargements, until it became a "chestnut" many years ago.

It was a long time—some months—before the teachers could learn much about the boy, for he was distrustful to the last degree. He kicked the Rev. Mr. Van Meter on the shins very violently, and twisted himself away like an eel when that gentleman, according to his habit, laid his hand affectionately on the boy's shoulder. George thought he was going to be beaten, and took his usual precaution of eluding the preliminary hold. He had, it seemed, never known what it was to have anybody take hold of him in kindness, and was no more to be handled than a young bird or a squir-rel. There was hardly anything, in fact, that he did know, as the good mission people reckoned knowledge. He knew how to swear fluently, as his accidentally correct answer as to his Maker indicated, but he did not know, and it was a long time bethat swearing was wrong. In fact, he that swearing was wrong. In fact, he did not know what wrong was. So far as his experience of life went, everybody did precisely what seemed at the moment desirable to do, unless prevented by superior physical force, or by bodily fear. Stealing was to him a per-fectly legitimate mode of acquiring anyand the only reason why it should be

savagely if he did not lie cleverly Sabbath, the first knowledge he had of later he married the second time. the difference between one day and an- Again a daughter was born to him, other came from his noticing that once and as the two children grew up they

appalling by its very absence of detail; by utter recklessness as the unhappy but it was only one of many like stories, girl became a woman. She still made and she could do very little to alleviate her father's house her home, and would the misery that was all around her. George lived with a woman whom he



GEORGE JUMPED FROM HIS SEAT. mother or father was, whether they the center of it. Broad streets have been ever had a mother or a father, were cut through, and old buildings replaced matters concerning which he absolutely with new. Factories and stores stand knew nothing, even by hearsay. Aunt where were formerly tumble down rook-eries, that had stood since the last cen-peared. She did not boat him, excepttury, and that were swarming with the ing when she was drunk, which was, most degraded poor and the most desper- however, much of the time. She let him ate criminals. When the Rev. W. C. Van sleep in her room, and when she had name Mater, with a feet friends as earnest and food she gave him some. When she was way. determined as himself, first started a drinking heavily she did not bother mission school within the borders of this about eating, and George had learned, as valley of the shadow of crime, he was young as he was to keep away from her, with me, no matter when she came to repeatedly warned by the police of the and get his food for himself. How or claim it, and that I would never see her dangers he incurred, and it was some when he got it, only God's ravens could want for anything if she would come time after the work was started before | have told. Such cases are not as common | back to me, but that, if she persisted in he dared to take, even under escort, in in New York as they were twenty-five or the life she plainly said she proposed to the middle of the day, the ladies who thirty years ago, but they are found now live, I would do nothing for her before were anxious to aid by teaching in the and again, even in these days. Who Aunt or after my death. And then she left school. It seems now like a story of a Sally was, or why she took any interest me, saying it was forever, and cursing foreign land and another age, but I saw | whatever in him, he knew nothing about. in 1854 or 1855 a party of a dozen ladies | She was a fact, and her interest, faint and gentlemen mobbed as they started though it was, was a fact, and he had homeward from the school one Sunday not come to the age of reasoning about

with volleys of obscene oaths and rotten | One day-and it chanced to be Christ vegetables, and so beset by a horde of mas eve-a lady and gentleman appeared half drunken men and wemen that they in the little room as visitors. They had were glad to escape with whole bones read of the mission work, the gentleman and ruined garments. And the police explained, and had come from their seemed powerless to prevent or punish home in a nearby city to see it and to give what little help was in their power. There was a story back of it, but this The region about what is now Paradise story was not told till afterward. Their square, for the distance of a couple of name was not Harrison, so I may call



GEORGE LIVED WITH AUNT SALLY. "My wife," said Mr. Harrison, "is painfully, almost morbidly, anxious to do everything she can for poor children, especially for orphans. And about Christmas time she seems especially nervous about it. There is a story about it, of course, but it is too long and too painful to tell now." This to Mr. Van Meter, whose earnostness in his chosen work made him rejoice in every new



CHRISTMAS bells are ringing. Angels Pang singing - To day the Saviors born. Away all thoughts of sadness. Break out in songs of gladness. This Happy, Happy morn.



Mrs. Harrison's father was a wealthy thing that he might happen to want, manufacturer, whose two daughters done secretly was that too much osten- and developed as they grew to womantation about the act was apt to provoke | hood strikingly different characteristics. interference on the part of the owner, who might and probably would want the article himself. Lying was simply and her infant child to run away with the easiest way of concealing anything that he did not care to reveal, and the only inkling he had of the objectionable of a year and a half he learned that she character of the act was that anybody | had been forsaken by her lover and had to whom he told a lie would beat him plunged into such a terrible course of dissipation that death had been mercienough to escape detection. As to the fully speedy in overtaking her. A year

in a while these people who had whole were treated, as nearly as possible, exclothes on and who spoke gently came actly alike. Everything that money into the neighborhood and opened the could buy, or affection dictate, was at little mission room and tried to get the their command, and every influence of refinement and education was exerted to deliderent of go into it.

George was among those who were fit them for a high place in society, but coaxed in with much difficulty, but after whether it was some taint in the blood, going once he went regularly. The room or a morbid brooding over a mother's was clean and pleasant, and as the auton days came on there was a stove daughter to turn away from good and put in and a fire made it warm. That seek evil from her early youth. The was a novelty to him—being allowed to father sought in every way possible to sit undisturbed in a warm room. The avert the misery which he foresaw for story the good teacher obtained from himself and for her, but it was of no him after winning his confidence was avail. A wayward youth was followed

spend a large portion of her time there; but there were prolonged absences which had been taught to call Aunt Sally. the family strove in every way to con-Whether she was his aunt, who his ceal, and into which they dared not inquire closely for fear of shameful disclosures. The climax came in a peculiarly painful way. Among the gentlemen who visited at the house was Mr. Harrison, and it happened that, while the younger daughter was the one he sought in marriage, both the girls fell in love with him. Sarah's passion was none the less violent because of its lawless character and its utter hopelessness, and when she learned that her sister was to marry the man she herself loved, she left home finally, after a terrible scene in which she swore vengeance, defied all authority, and spurned the love of her

father, mother and sister.
For three years nothing was heard of her. Her father, old before his time with sorrow, mourned for her truly, and would at any time have received her back with open arms, but no word came, and he knew too well the futility of trying to track her or to lure her home again. At last one evening she presented herself and demanded an interview,

which was readily granted.

It was behind closed doors, and no one but the father ever knew just what passed between them. He told his wife and daughter, however, the substance of it. Sarah had demanded a portion of his fortune, and had offered for it to hide herself from him forever, to take another

"that she should always have a home me-cursing me, her father, who even

now would die for her if need be." For a time after this nothing was heard of the prodigal. Then one Christmas eve she wreaked her hate, or vengeance, as she chose to call it, in an awful crime. Mrs. Harrison's only child, a boy not quite three years old, was in one of the public parks of the city, in charge of a urse, when Sarah approached, and, by pretending a violent fancy for the child, threw the careless servant off her guard. Whether she bribed the girl, or really succeeded in tricking her, was never known, but it was two hours later when that frightened individual reported to Mrs. Harrison that her boy had been

It would be impossible to describe the agony of the parents, and useless to dethat was made. The servant gave a sufficiently accurate description of the strange woman, whom she had never



a sufficient start to get on a train for New York, and all efforts to trace her were ineffectual. Had the newspapers even at that time learned the particulars of the story it would have become as famous as the Charlie Ross case, but the family shrank from the exposure that would have been inevitable, and though all the detective skill that could be pro-

cured was employed, no publication was I can't jest remember. Whaju git? boy was stolen when Mr. and Mrs. Harrison entered the little mission school in the Five Points. It was her own loss that had made her so peculiarly anxious to benefit poor children; but, though she was forever searching for her own little one, both she and her husband had almost given up the hope of ever finding him. While Mr. Harrison was talking with Mr. Van Meter, however, her eager eyes were scanning the faces of all the

boys in the room. Suddenly she turned pale. "Oh, George!" she said, or gasped, rather, and without another word she flew rather than ran to the other end of the room. Dropping on her knees in front of the poor little waif who had drifted in so strangely, she seized him with both hands and looked eagerly, almost wildly, into

his eyes. "What is your name?" she said to the startled child.

"George," he said. "George what?" "I dunno," he answered, beginning to cry, for he had developed a sensitiveness about his lack of a proper compliment of names, and, moreover, he was half

frightened by the now frantic woman's strange behavior. Suddenly she tore open his jacket and the poor, ragged shirt he had on, and looking on his breast found the birthmark she sought. Then, quick as a flash -the whole thing happened so quickly that it was over before her husband reached her side—she gathered him into Tommy Slimson's got a sled, and I can her arms, dirt, rags and all, and kissed lick him. him until it seemed as if she were trying to devour him. Then, of course, she

fainted. It did not take long, though, for the other ladies in the room to bring her back to consciousness, and then such a scene as is rarely witnessed in this world put an end to anything like the usual order of exercises, Mr. Harrison was naturally a little slower than his wife to recognize the child, but only a little, and the bewildered boy was shortly embraced and kissed as few children in this

world ever have been. Such a prayer as Mr. Van Meter uttered, while the tears streamed down his cheeks and every person in the room dropped on his knees, has seldom been heard even from his eloquent lips, and in a few more minutes Mr. Harrison proposed to leave. It was obvious enough to him that he had to take his child

to let him go unattended. "You would be mobbed before you had gone a block, if the people saw you car-rying away the child," he said, and it was prescritly arranged that a policeman should be summoned to escort the party up to Broadway, and a carriage should be taken there.

This was done as quickly as possible, for there was real danger of trouble if the news had been spread through the neighborhood before they got away. As it happened, however, all passed off quietly, and little George had seen such a Christmas as he had never dreamed of. effort was made to induce her to reform. She consented to go home, but whether she remained there or not I do not

Sensational as anything in fiction, is it not? Yet, excepting in some few details, it is a true story.

A Messenger of the Infinite.

There is one thought which I place far above opinions and hypothesis; it is that morality is the serious and true thing par excellence, and that it suffices by itself to give life a mean tail all the circumstances of the search and an end. Impenetrable veils conceal from us the secret of this strange world, of which the reality at once awes and overwhelms us; philosophy and science will forever pursue, with out attaining it, the formula of this Proteus, which no reason can measure, which no language can express. But there is one indubitable basis which no skepticism can shake, and in which of some other man. man will find to the end of time the one fixed point of his uncertainties; goodness is goodness, evil is evil. Science and criticism in my eyes are secondary things beside the necessity

of preserving the traditions of good-I am more convinced than ever that the moral life corresponds to an object. If the end of life were happiness merely, there would be no reason for distinguishing the destiny of man from that of inferior beings. But morality is not synonymous with the art of being happy. As soon as sacrifice be-comes a duty and a need, I see no limit comes a duty and a need, I see no man to the horizon which opens before me. Like the perfumes from the islands of the Erythrean sea, which floated over the waters and lured the mariner on, this divine instinct is to me an augury of an unknown land, and a messenger daughter is a jewel in the parental of the Infinite,-Ernest Renan.

Yes, Mister Turkey-cock, I own As in full fig you strut about Majestically slow.

But would it, in your puffed out state, Give you too great a shock To know e'en swine look down on you, Vain Mister Turkey-cock?





Mrs. Smitem (to her son)-Which would you rather have for Christmas, Robbie, a pair of skates or a sled? Robbie-Can't I have both?

Mrs. Smitem-No, I don't think Santa Claus would consent to that. Robbie-Then give me the skates,



home, but the good missionary was too friend. Are you not aware that Christwell acquainted with the neighborhood mas is coming?"-Harper's Young Peo-

> The boy who finds his stockings well filled on Christmas morning doesn't care what the other fellow got .- Judge.

A STUDY TO BLACK AND WHITE.

attentive to her as if she was the wife A brother of the Rev. Dr. Lyman bbott, the Rev. Edward Abbott, of Cambridge, Mass., has just been made Protestant Episcopal missionary bish-

Bonaparte's house at Longwood, St. Helena, is now a barn; the room in which he died is a stable; and where the imperial body lay in state may be found a machine for grinding corn. Of 1,548 marriages contracted in Prussia last year between blood rela-tions, 1,422 were between cousins, 110 between uncles and nieces, and 16 between aunts and nephews.

op of Japan.

THE MIRACLE AT CANA.

DR. TALMAGE ON THE TRANSFORMA-

Standing not far off from the democh is all the cat over all this group." Shall the cat over all this group. Shall the cat over all this group is all the cat over all this group. Shall the cat over the cat of the c

an' fourteen dinner tickets, and lots o' and immediately it is wine-real wine. candy an' things. Now, Misery, straight Taste of it, and see for yourselves;

Jean G. Whittier says he expects to live to the age of 100 years, though he is not anxious to do so.

Eight thousand pounds of lead ore in one chunk were taken from the De Graff mine at Zincite, Mo., the other live in blossoms, they follow have a wife be as gentle and attentive to her as if she was the wife attentive to her as if she was the wife attentive to her as if she was the wife attentive to her as if she was the wife attentive to her as if she was the wife attentive to her as if she was the wife attentive to her as if she was the wife attentive to her as if she was the wife attentive to her as if she was the wife attentive to her as if she was the wife attentive to her as if she was the wife attentive to her as if she was the wife attentive to her as if she was the wife attentive to her as if she was the wife attentive to her as if she was the wife attentive to her as if she was the wife attentive to her as if she was the wife attentive to her as if she was the wife attentive to her as if she was the wife attentive to the palm; thickets in the sagen, or broad like the aspen, or broad like the palm; thickets in the shall have a right to the joys of earth; he shall have a right to the joys of heaving the house too splended for him to live in the heave a right to the joys of heaving the heave a right to the joys of heaving the house too splended for him to live in the heave a right to the joys of heaving the heave a right to the joys of earth; he shall have a right to the joys of heaving the house to splended for him to live in the heave a right to the joys of heaving the heave a right to the joys of heaving the heave a right to the joys of heaving the heave a right to the joys of heaving the heave a right to the joys of earth; he has a right to the joys of earth; he has a right to the joys of earth; he has a right to the joys of earth; he has a right to the joys of earth; he has a right to the joys of earth; he has a right to the joys of earth; he has a right to the joys of earth; he has a right to the jo every child's hand a flower, enough to make for every brow a chaplet, enough with beauty to cover up the ghastliness of all the graves. Does he go forth to create water? He pours it out, not by the cupful, but by a river full, a lake full, an ocean full, pouring it out until all the earth has enough to drink, and enough with which to wash.

Does Jesus, our Lord, provide re-lemption? It is not a little salvation for this one, a little for that, and a lit-tle for the other; but enough for all— "Whosoever will, let him come." Each man an ocean full for himself. ises for the young, promises for

GOG's bottle, and some day, standing before the throne, we will lift our cup of delight and ask that it be filled with of delight and ask that it be filled with the wine of heaven; and Jesus, from that bottle of tears, will begin to pour in the cup, and we will cry: "Stop, Jesus, we do not want to drink our own tears!" and Jesus will say: "Know ye not that the tears of earth are the wine of heaven?" Sorrow may endure, but joy cometh in the morn-ing.

NEAR CANA, Dec. 22.—The Rev. T.
De Witt Talmage, D. D., preached here today on "A Marriage Feast," taking for his text John ii, 10: "Thou hast kept the good wine until now."
He said:
Standing not far off from the demolished town of what was once called Cana of Galilee, I bethink myself of our Lord's first manhood miracle.

HE HELPS US TO BE MERRY.
I remark further, Jesus does not shadow the joys of others with his own griefs. He might have sat down in that wedding and said: "I have so much proverty, so much persecution, and the cross is coming; I shall not rejoice, and the gloom of my face and of my sorrows shall be cast over all this group." So said not Jesus. He said to himself: "Here are two persons starting out in

I learn from this miracle that Christ | wife, and the Lord will after awhile is not impatient with the luxuries of come to fetch her home. There will stitues a fireproof t Taste of it, and see for yourselves; —wha'd' yet gif?
—wha'd' yet gif?
Misery (voice just a little shaky)—Say, Swipesy, I hunged up my stockin' all right, and, do yer know, I never got a bloomin thing!
Swipesy (also shaky as to voice)—Nor me, neither.—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Illustrated Monthly.

How He Weuld Side.

Taste of it, and see for yourselves; in longwood in it, no strychnine in it, but first rate wine. I will not now be diverted to the question so often discussed in my own country, whether it is right to drink wine. I am describing the scene as it was. When God makes wine he makes the very galloms of it standing around in these water pots—wine so good that the ruler of the feast tastes it and says: "Why, this is really better than anything we have had! Thou hast kept the good wine until now." Beautiful miracle! A prize was offered to the person who should write the best essay about the one. There is no more to fetch her home. There will site. It was not necessary that they be gleaming of torchese in the sky, and the trumpets of God will ravish the air with their music; and Jesus will stretch out his hand, and the church, robed in white, will put aside her veil, and look up into the face of her Lord the concentrate its fight at a repoint, and afford much provides that he wants us to eat hard bread and sleep on hard mattreeses, unless we like them the best. I think, if circumstances will allow, this is really better than anything we have had! Thou hast kept the good wine until now." Beautiful miracle! A prize was offered to the person who one. We can serve God drawn by

wine until now." Beautiful miraclet A prize was offered to the person who should write the best essay about the miracle in Cana. Long manuscripts were presented in the competition, but a poet won the prize by just this one line descriptive of the miracle:

The unconsolous water saw its 60d, and blushed.

We learn from this miracle, in the first place, that Christ has sympathy with housekeepers. You might have thought that Jesus would have said:

"I cannot be bothered with this house hold deficiency of wine. It is not for me, Lord of heaven, of earth, to become caterer to this feast. I have vaster things than this to attend to." In the rescue. Does there ever come a scant supply in your household! Have you to make a very close calculation! Is it hard work for you to carry on things decently and respectably! If so, don't sit down and cry. Don't go out and fret; but go to him who stood in the house in Cana of Galilee. Pray in the parlor! Pray in the kitchen! Learn, further, from this miracle, in the miracle in Christ has no impatience with that. Then, lifting their, challees in that the compared with that. Then, lifting their, challees in that the compared with that. Then, lifting their, challees in that But.

**Christ has no more decided are no not one of heaven will been a new one. We can serve God drawn by golden plated harness as certainly as when we go a-foot. Jesus the that the head of the miracle: Jesus the probable will be will stand at the head of the table, and the banqueters, looking up, will wonder and admire, and say: "That is Jesus the bridgeroom! But the coroct and the stable in his side is covered with a robe!" and "That is the current the scar on his brow is covered with the coroct, and it has pour and the outif of an American gentleman! No difference between a Christ the scar on his brow is covered with the coroct, and the tune of the say on the bridgeroom. That is the difference between the rough bear skins of the surder of the bride! The weariness of her surder of the miracle. The weariness of

the there be no room in all your house unconsecrated by the voice of prayer. If you have a microscope, put under it one drop of water, and see the insects floating about; and when you see that God fleeks them, come to the conclusion that he will take care of you and feed you, oh, ye of little faith:

TRUST IN GOD.

A boy asked if he might sweep the snow from the steps of a house. The lady of the household said: "Yes; you seem very poor." He says: 'I am or our little that God is going to let you starve?'

The lad looked up it. the woman's face and said: "Do you think God will be the stary of older people! Trust in God and do the best you can. And then the think in the starve when I trust him, and then do the best I can?" Enough theology for older people! Trust in God and do the best you can. Amidst all the him; he will help you control your temper, and supervise your domestics. If and entertain your guests, and manage your home economies. There are hundreds of women weak, and increous, and exhausted with the caws of housekeeping, I commend you to the Lord looked up in the would have made on the content of the proper in the stary of the proper in the stary of the stary in the stary of the soul. Religion does not frost the flowers. What is Christianity does not clip the wing of the soul. Religion does not frost the flowers. What is Christianity does not clip the wing of the soul. Religion does not frost the flowers. What is Christianity does not clip the wing of the soul. Religion does not frost the flowers. What is Christianity does not clip the wing of the soul. Religion does not frost the flowers. What is Christianity does not clip the wing of the soul. Religion does not frost the flowers. What is Christianity does not clip the wing of the soul. Religion does not frost the flowers. There are hundreds of women weak, and meronical the properties of the soul that the caws of housekeeping, I commend you to the Lord does not frost the flowers. The count of the properties of the properties of the soul that the caws o

fore there was any embarrassment or mortification. Why did he not per-form the miracle sooner? Why wait until it was all gone, and no help

the royal family. It was taken up to the king's residence, and for the honesty of the man in bringing it back he had a house given to him, and a garden and a farm. Who was it that sent the raven to feed Elijah by the brook Cherith.

Christ in the hour of extremity!

You mourned over your sins. You could not find the way out. You sat down and said: "God will not be merciful. He has cast me off;" but in that, the darkest hour of your history, light broke from the throne, and Jesus said: "O wanderer, come home. I have seen all thy sorrows. In this, the hour of thy extremity, I offer thee pardon and everlasting life!"

Trouble came. You were almost torn to pieces by that trouble. Yun braced yourself up against it. You said: "I will be a stoic, and will not care;" but before you had got through making the resolution, it broke down under you. You felt that all your resources were gone, and then Jesus came. "In the fourth watch of the night," the Bible says, "Jesus came walking on the sea." Why did he not come in the first watch? or in the second watch? or in the third watch! I do not know. He came in the fourth, and gave deliverance to his disciples. Jesus in the last extremity!

WILL YOU LET CHRIST COME!

THE SCIENCE OF

Yea, verily.

And it is not so very long do not know, and even the old

was in all the rural regions s.

days rural America celebrated Chr

all the book stores of the only two or three kinds of could be found, and as to and holiday goods as such-well could be found in the cities, pr bet not one child in a hundred, the country through, over